

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing
to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var-
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch-
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine,
and fancy, pegged and saved Boots,
Shoes. Repairing neatly done. Op-
posite the Post-office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,
Single and Double, Lap-ropes, Blan-
kets and all other articles kept by the
trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat-
ent Water-Drawers and pumps for
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular
attention paid to Shampooing, and
the cutting of ladies' and children's
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office
Main street. 34

S. PARKHURST,
Keeps the largest and best assortment
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.
Satisfaction given as to quality and
price. Opposite Post-office.

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over Gait & Castle's. Orders
left on stage will receive prompt at-
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M.D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office over Norton's store, Main St.,
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10
a. m., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m. All
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Cutlery, Sleighs, &c., and first-class
Covered Open Brewster Buggies, or
Road Wagon. Repairing done on
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE, J. M. HOOD, E. T. STONE.

B. S. STONE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop-
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 71

H. H. DOBSON,



DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Pock's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

U can make money faster at work for us than
at anything else. Capital not required; we
will start you with \$12 per day at home made by the
industrious. Men, women, boys and girls want-
ing to work for us. Now is the time. Call on
us and we will make terms free. Address T. W. & Co.,
Anglo, N. Y.

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL-
ING CARDS COMBINED

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or
others so desiring, calling cards of any
size or quality, having on the reverse
side the Manual Alphabet, which many
people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.
25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.
50 " " " 50 "
100 " " " \$1.00

EMANUEL SOUWEINE,
Designer and Engraver on Wood,
14 Ann Street, NEW YORK.
(Care of E. S. Brown.)

Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha-
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

ENVELOPES CHEAP!
A good envelope with return request
printed
in corner for
\$2.50 PER THOUSAND
—at the—
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Subscriber for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

NUMBER 9.

POETRY.

My Bread on the Waters.

"Mister," the little fellow said,
"Please gimme a penny to buy some bread."
I turned to look at the ragged form
That, in the midst of the pitiless storm,
Pinched, and haggard, and old with care,
In accents pleading, was standing there—
"Twas a little boy not twelve years old;
His cheeks and shivered in the bitter cold,
His eyes were red—with weeping, I fear—
And down his cheeks there rolled a tear
E'en then.

His misery struck me dumb,
"Twas a street in a crowded city slum,
Where an errand of duty led my feet
That day, through the storm and blinding sleet.
"Poor little fellow!" at last I said,
"Have you no father?"

"No, he's dead!"
The answer came. "You're a mother then?"
"Yes sir," he said, with a sob, "ahs been
Sick for a year, and the doctor said
She'd never again get up from bed."
"You are hungry, too?" I asked in pain,
As I looked at his poor, wan face again.
"Hungry," he said, with a bitter groan,
"That would make to play a heart of stone,
"In starved we are all starving," he said,
"We haven't had a crust of bread—
Me, nor mother, nor baby, Kate—
Since yesterday morning."

I did not wait
To ask him more. "Come, come," I cried;
"You shall not hunger!" and at my side
His poor little pattering footsteps fell
On my ear with a sadness I cannot tell.
But his eyes beamed bright when he saw me stop
Before the door of a baker's shop,
And we entered.

"Now eat away, my boy,
As much as you like," I said. With joy,
And a soft expression of childish grace,
He looked up into my friendly face,
And sobbed, as he strove to hide a tear,
"Oh! if mother and baby Kate were here!"
"But eat," I said, "I'll never mind them now.
A thoughtful look stole over his brow,
And to him his face the joy had fled.
"What! while they're starving at home?" he said;
"Oh! no, sir! I'm hungry, indeed, 'tis true,
But I cannot eat till they've had some too."

The tears came rushing—I can't tell why.
To my eyes, as he spoke these words. Said I
"God bless you! Here, you brave little man,
Here, carry home all the bread you can."
Then I loaded him down with loaves, until
He could carry no more. I paid the bill;
And before he could quite understand
Just what I was doing, into his hand
I slipped a bright new dollar; then said
"Goodbye," and away on my journey sped.

"Twas four years ago. But one day last May,
As I wandered by chance through East Broadway,
A cheery voice accented me. Lo
"Twas the softest tone I'd ever heard,
Though larger grown, and his looks, in truth,
Bespoke a sober industrious youth.

"Mister," he said, "I'll never forget
The kindness you showed me when we last met.
I work at a trade, and mother is well,
So is baby Kate, and I want to tell
You this—this we owe it all to you.
"Twas you that bought the cloth that helped us thro'
In our darkest hour, and we always say
Our luck has been better since that day
When you went the home with bread to feed
Those starving ones in their hour of need."

STORE TELLER.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY L. D. COFFMAN.

"Write up some of my experiences
for your paper? Well, I never was
much on the write 'emhow. When I
was a lad, and went to a district school
down among the Green Mountains,
they held that English grammar was
among the college studies, and my
spelling-book was always getting lost;
so when I undertook to put my
thoughts on paper the letters keep
getting into the wrong places in the
words, and the words sometimes got
badly mixed up in the sentences. So
I fear I'd turn out some frightful look-
ing 'copy,' as you call it, for your
printers to sweat and swear over."

"Then perhaps you can relate some
experience which I myself can dish up
in the form of a story. Uncle," said I,
determined, if possible, to obtain some-
thing original for the Story Corner of
the sheet I was editing.

"That I can; and will, with great
pleasure. While I was engineering
the building of the Mt. Veda Railroad,
an adventure befell me which will
make a pretty fair story when polished
up a little. I'll give you the facts,
and then you can fix it to suit your-
self."

My uncle, a civil engineer, of many
years' experience, who, in spite of his
lack of education, was a very cultivated
gentleman, and one of the most suc-
cessful men belonging to his profes-
sion, elevated his feet to the mantel,
while I, true to my reportorial instinct,
spread my note-book on my knee, and
waited, pencil in hand, for the com-
mencement of what I knew would be
a narrative worth recording.

"During the summer of 1869 I was
engaged in superintending the build-
ing of a double-track railroad from the
bank of the Allegheny River to the
Hampton coal mine, near the summit
of Mt. Veda. The road is over a mile
in length, with an average grade of

one foot in five, and was to be so con-
structed that by means of an endless
cable, working on rollers, in a groove
between the rails, the loaded cars go-
ing down one track to the dock on the
river bank would, by virtue of their
superior weight, haul the empty cars
on the other track back to the mine,
thus dispensing with steam power al-
together. On account of the rough-
ness of the mountain, the construction
of the road was a herculean task; and
for over half the distance is laid out
either on trestlework or through tun-
nels.

"I commenced operations in April,
with a force of two hundred and fifty
men, and we worked without intermis-
sion till October before the first track
was laid to the mouth of the mine. At
several stages of the road we estab-
lished mule stations, and all the materi-
als used in the construction were
hauled up by means of mule power
windlasses. The men all boarded in
rough shanties, built on the river bank
for their use, and here each man cook-
ed such of his own food as was not
brought ready prepared. This collec-
tion of houses had been christened
Riverside by the men.

"Over Riverside I kept a strict sur-
veillance, and strove by every means
in my power to promote the welfare
of the whole community. By common
consent the rule of the village was
given up to me, and the men, finding
I was disposed to make it as comfort-
able as possible, seemed well content-
ed to be under my authority. We built
a rude theatre, and once in three
weeks a dramatic company from Pitts-
burg came up and gave a performance;
twice a month a river steamer took us
up the river on a moonlight excursion;
a small but well selected library was
placed at the disposal of every member
of the gang; and each day the mail
boat threw off a package of Pittsburg
papers at our dock. I was compelled
to permit the free use of tobacco, but
all ardent spirits were prohibited un-
der penalty of the instant discharge
of any one bringing liquor to the vil-
lage, or using any while in the employ
of the company. Card playing was
permitted, but gambling was inter-
dicted, under the forfeiture of all
money or goods won at the gaming
table to the use of the entire commu-
nity.

"Under this form of discipline,
Riverside was a model village. The
men had just enough diversion to keep
them contented, and the two curses of
communities composed entirely of
men—the gaming table and the bar—
being removed, all were laying up
money for the coming winter. To be
sure, there were a few discontented
spirits, but these were in such hope-
less minority that I had little to ap-
prehend from them. I knew that if
they should venture any time to resist
my authority, a word from me would
bring two hundred strong men to my
aid.

"One night, about twelve o'clock,
feeling somewhat restless, I started
out to visit a man who had been seri-
ously injured the day before by a pre-
mature blast. While on my way
through the main street of the quiet
village, my attention was attracted by
a bright light issuing from a knothole
in the side of one of the shanties, the
window of which was perfectly dark.
Unwilling to appear meddling, but
still more reluctant to permit forbidden
practices to go on unobserved, I quiet-
ly approached the house and applied
my eye to the orifice whence the light
proceeded.

"A single glance was enough. Around
a rough pine table were seated three
of the worst characters in the village,
engaged in their favorite game—"seven-
up." Before two of the men lay small
piles of silver and bills, while on the
table beside the third and most des-
picable character of the gang, Bill
Engles, stood a clot bag apparently
nearly filled with coin. While I stood
gazing the game was concluded, and
Bill raked in the remainder of his
companion's silver and bills.

"By the gods, Bill Engles," exclaim-
ed one of the men with an oath, "that
makes one hundred and eighty-five
dollars you've won!"

"I waited to hear no more, but rush-
ing in, I seized the bag, and as coolly
as my anger would permit said, "Yes,
gentlemen, and this makes one hun-
dred and eighty-five dollars you've
lost."

"The two unfortunate gamblers
stared at me aghast and made no
movement of interference, but Bill
Engles sprang to his feet with a face
livid with rage, and seizing a stool he
fairly hissed—

"Give me that bag or I'll brain you!"
By way of answer, I placed the bag
in my pocket, keeping my eye steadily
fixed upon him, and permitting my fea-
tures to betray no trace of fear.

"He raised the stool to strike, but
my steady gaze seemed to unnerve
him, and after holding it a moment
aloft, he quietly returned it to the
floor.

"Bill Engles, you know that gam-
bling is forbidden," said I.
"Yes, sullenly.
"And you know the penalty."

"Yes," doggedly.
"Very well; for a second offence
you shall be instantly discharged."

"Turning on my heel, I walked out.
This was the first unpleasant occur-
rence of the summer, and although I
felt assured of victory, I was very much
excited and worried, despite my as-
sumed coolness in the presence of the
gamblers. For two hours I paced up
and down the river bank before I
considered my nerves sufficiently quiet-
ed to permit sleep.

"Scarcely had I returned to my
couch, when the door of my house was
suddenly opened, and I discerned the
form of Bill Engles outlined against
the moonlit sky. He stood there a
moment, as if to ascertain whether I
had been awakened by his entrance,
and then, as if re-assured by the si-
lence, glided softly to where my coat
was hanging on its peg.

"His purpose was now evident; too
cowardly to strike me down with the
stool, he had permitted me to depart,
and had now come like a burglar to
purloin his ill-won gains from me. I
knew the character of my man, and
realized that only decided and instan-
taneous action would answer my pur-
pose.

"Seizing a revolver, which I kept
constantly loaded under my pillow, I
took accurate aim at the arm which
was even now drawing the bag of
money from my pocket, and fired. A
howl of anguish followed the report;
the bag fell to the floor; and a dark
form dashed through the open door
out into the night.

"I placed the bag of money under
my pillow and telling the score of men
who, alarmed by the report, had hast-
ened to my headquarters, that I
would explain in the morning, I bar-
red the door, and resumed my pillow
—but not to sleep. The next morn-
ing Bill Engles could not be found.
His two companions of the preceding
night declared that he had left the
shanty about half an hour after I sur-
prised them, rowing he would have
either his money or his revenge, and
they had seen nothing of him since.

"I called the gang together in the
theatre, which we used for all public
assemblies, related to them the events
of the night, and asked what disposi-
tion should be made of the one hun-
dred and eighty-five dollars.

"They approved of my action, and
by vote donated the money to the man
injured by the blast two days before,
whom the doctor declared would be
unable to work again during the sea-
son.

"We spent that forenoon grading
and laying track in the mine. When
working in the upper part of the road,
we always took our dinners with us,
to save time, and ate them at the
nearest mule station. To-day the men
decided to eat their mid-day repast in
the same tunnel.

"After emptying the dinner pail,
having half an hour to spare, I saun-
tered out to inspect the mule station
at the upper terminus of the road. By
the side, and in the shade of the sta-
ble, was standing a car load of hay,
which had been brought up for the
mules that morning by my orders, and
feeling somewhat weary, I mounted
this, and lay down on the soft and
fragrant couch with the intention of
enjoying a brief rest. I did not in-
tend to fall asleep, but the labors of
the morning, coupled with the broken
rest of the preceding night, soon
brought about the natural result, and
I fell into a doze.

"I may have slept ten minutes, pos-
sibly less, when I was suddenly aroused
from a pleasant dream of home by a
consciousness of motion.

"I sprang to my feet, and discovered
to my surprise and consternation that
the car was gliding down the inclined
plane at a steadily increasing velocity.
Glancing back I perceived in the shad-
ow of the stable the form of a man,
waving triumphantly above his head
the rope which had held the car.

"Instantly the truth burst upon me.
Bill Engles had discovered me sleeping
on the hay, and thirsting for revenge,
had severed the drag rope which re-
strained the car, and the released ve-
hicle, propelled by the never-failing
power of gravity, was dashing with its
passenger to certain destruction.

"My first impulse was to jump off,
but the thought came a moment too
late; my car had passed upon a trest-
le work fifty feet high and a quarter
of a mile in length. Before it reached
the end, its speed would be so greatly
accelerated that to jump would result
in certain death. I madly dashed
great armfuls of hay upon the track
in front hoping it would clog the
wheels and act as a break, but in vain.

"In a moment we dashed past the
first mule station. Five men rushed
out gesticulating wildly, but they were
powerless to aid. They appeared to
be shouting something, but my car
outsped the sound.

"Our speed was now only surpassed
by that of a rifle ball. The wheels
seemed scarcely to press upon the
track, and the journals began to smoke
with the friction. The motion under
circumstances of safety would have
been delightful. Rocks, trees and

stations dashed by with lightning-like
rapidity; tunnels were only instants of
darkness; and the air whistled as it
rushed past my ears forcing every hair
backward.

"I felt a strange resignation, and
calmly speculated upon my probable
fate. The road terminated in a large
stone warehouse on the dock, used for
the storage of construction materials,
and I wondered if the momentum of
the car would be sufficient to dash it
and myself through the heavy stone
wall. I wondered also if Bill Engles
would come to my funeral, look upon
the bruised and mangled corpse, and
gloat over his revenge. I felt no malice,
no trepidation, no fear. It was the
tranquility of utter despair.

"Suddenly my eyes caught the sil-
ver sheen of a clear mountain lake,
over which the road passed, and to-
wards which I was speeding almost
with the velocity of a cannon ball. A
sudden thought struck me—here was
one chance for preservation. I knew
the lake to be of great depth, and
could I manage to spring from the car
and strike near the center of that mi-
nute body of water, in its soft, crys-
tall depths safety would be found.

"To do all this, while moving at
such fearful speed, would require
close calculation; but it was my only
chance. If I should fail—as well per-
ish on the rocky shore as in the ware-
house at the dock.

"I took my position on the edge of
the car, and with suspended breath
awaited the critical instant. As the
car passed over the water, I sprang
away from it with all my power.

"For a moment I whirled in mid-air,
and then struck the water feet first.
"Down—down—to the very bottom
I sank, but the force of my fall was
spent. Slowly I rose to the surface
again, and struck out for the shore.
The moment my feet pressed the turf,
the terrible strain upon my nervous
system relaxed, and with the relief
came unconsciousness.

"For half an hour I lay on the green
shore of the lake, in a death-like trance;
then I awoke to life again, to find my-
self surrounded by half the gang. As
soon as I was sufficiently revived they
escorted me to Riverside, bearing me
on their shoulders at the head of a
triumphal procession. They showed
me where the car, speeding to the end
of its path, had crashed through the
stone wall and was now resting, a mass
of splintered timbers, on the river
bank.

"Then they gave a rude banquet
in my honor at the theatre, and at its
close, seeing I was myself again, de-
manded the particulars of the ride and
my marvelous escape.

"My would-be murderer escaped, al-
though the entire gang spent half the
night searching for him on the moun-
tain, and was never seen in the neigh-
borhood of Riverside again.

"In commemoration of my escape,
the lake which proved my preserver
was re-christened, and to this day
bears the appellation 'Salvation Lake.'"

THE CINCINNATI DAY SCHOOL.

[Cincinnati Gazette.]

Probably not one person in 500 in
Cincinnati knows that a school for
deaf-mutes is a part of our much and
deservedly lauded public school sys-
tem. Yet such is the case. A few
weeks ago the school authorities ad-
vertised in the German papers of the
city to the effect, that free instruction
is offered to the deaf-mutes of Cincin-
nati, and the result was several new
applications for admittance to the
school, showing that not all the pa-
rents of deaf-mutes in the city knew
of the school.

Some half dozen years ago, more or
less, a Mr. French, who had been a
teacher in the school for deaf-mutes
at Omaha, Nebraska, came to Cincin-
nati and succeeded in interesting the
school authorities in the subject of the
education of deaf-mutes. A school
was organized, and for a time bid fair
to succeed. Eventually, however, cer-
tain facts in the history of Mr. French's
educational career, which were de-
clared to be of a prejudicial nature, came
to light in this city, and he was dis-
missed and his enterprise failed.

Then Mr. Abner L. Frazier, while a
member of the Board of Education,
unwilling to see a good work cease,
interested himself in it, but the num-
ber of pupils gathered in the school
was not considered sufficient to jus-
tify its continuance; so, after a brief
revival, it again ceased.

In 1875 Mr. Robert P. McGregor,
himself a semi-mute, educated in the
State institution at Columbus, and
for several years a teacher of mutes,
came to this city, and went to work in
a systematic way to start a school for
mutes. The Committee on the In-
struction of Mutes had survived, as a
nominal committee, since Mr. French's
day. Mr. McGregor collected infor-
mation as to how many mutes, under
the age of twenty-one, there were in
the city, and how many would be glad
to attend a school, were one estab-
lished. These facts and figures he laid
before the aforesaid committee, and
by its action the matter was brought

before the Board of Education, and a
room in the intermediate school build-
ing, on Ninth street, and a teacher in
the person of Mr. McGregor, were
provided, and the school commenced.
That was three years ago, and the
school has been growing ever since.
It now numbers thirty-two.

Deaf-mutes were originally classed
with idiots, and subject to the same
legal disabilities. The Mosaic law
merely protected them from insult.
The Roman law forbade any person,
deaf from his birth, holding any civil
office, and deprived him of all rights
of inheritance, though it devolved
his support upon the next heir. In
feudal days, when bodily competency
was essential to the continuance of
the system, the Roman law in regard
to inheritance still prevailed as late as
the reign of Elizabeth. Richard, eld-
est son of Viscount Buttevant, of Ire-
land, was excluded from the succession
because he was a deaf-mute.

St. Augustine would also ent them
off from an inheritance in the king-
dom of heaven. For, evidently refer-
ring to that passage in St. Paul's
epistle to the Romans, where he says
that "Faith comes by hearing, and
hearing by the word of God," Saint
Augustine says that deafness makes
faith impossible, since he who was
born deaf could not learn his letters,
by reading which he might acquire
faith.

Since the eighth century sporadic
attempts to educate deaf-mutes have
been made; but, not to go into a tedious
enumeration of those undertak-
ings, it may be said, that it was not
till the middle of the eighteenth cen-
tury that any thorough and lasting
system of instruction was devised.

Then Thos. Braidwood, first in Scot-
land and afterwards in London, and
Abbe De l'Epee, in France, began the
systematic instruction of deaf-mutes,
on widely different plans, which have
been in conflict ever since. Braidwood
bent his energies to making the deaf-
mute articulate sounds, and so event-
ually to talk. De l'Epee undertook
nothing of the kind, but endeavored
to perfect a system of signs, natural
and instructive, as far as possible, and
beyond that point artificial, whereby
the need of speech might, to quite an
extent, be removed. Both plans agreed
in teaching writing. They differed
again in their propagation. Braid-
wood held his secret at an immense
price, and it has gone down in the
family, and has been the family call-
ing ever since. Abbe De l'Epee, on
the contrary, undertook the instruc-
tion of two deaf-mute girls out of
pure charity, and was anxious, from
the first, to have the government in-
struct teachers in his system.

Early in this century, a grandson
of Braidwood came to America and
endeavored to start a school in Vir-
ginia for the instruction of deaf-
mutes, on his grandfather's plan, but
the enterprise failed. About the year
1815 Dr. M. F. Cogswell, of Hartford,
Conn., who had a deaf-mute daughter,
became thereby deeply interested in
the subject of the education of deaf-
mutes. He contemplated, and yet
dreaded, sending her to Europe to be
educated. He agitated the subject
of a school in this country, and as a
result of that agitation it was resolved
to start a school in Hartford for the
education of the deaf and dumb. But
there was no one to teach it. Finally
it was determined to send Rev. T. H.
Gallaudet to England to learn Braid-
wood's methods. Upon making his
application to Braidwood's school the
price demanded for instruction was so
great that Gallaudet was unwilling to
pay it. There was at this time one of
De l'Epee's pupils in London, and, af-
ter having a conversation with him,
Gallaudet went back with him to Paris,
where every facility for learning the
system was cheerfully accorded.

In a short time Gallaudet, who is
the father of deaf-mute instruction
in this country, returned to Hartford,
bringing with him an assistant from
De l'Epee's school. Immediately the
Hartford Asylum was started. The
national government, in the following
year, gave it a township of wild land,
which now amounts to a fund of \$350,
000. Upon the receipt of this gift the
name was changed to the American
Asylum, but the starting of institu-
tions of the kind in all parts of the
country has prevented it from ever
becoming in fact as continental as it
is in name. Now there are deaf-mute
institutions in every State in the Union,
if we except, possibly, Nevada.

After an honored and useful life, Gal-
laudet died in 1851, and the deaf-mutes
of the country erected over his re-
mains a beautiful monument, designed
by the mute artists, Newson and Car-
lin.

The number of deaf-mutes in the
country is surprising. In 1870 there
were over 16,000 in the United States.
There are over one hundred deaf-
mutes in Cincinnati under the age of
twenty-one. Twenty-five of these are
at the State institution at Columbus,
which has the finest building of the
kind in the United States. It was
originally built to accommodate 350
pupils, but now has considerably over

400. Here the pupils receive instruc-
tion and board, including fuel, lights
and washing, free of charge.

A movement is now under way to
establish another State institution for
the education of deaf-mutes at Cincin-
nati. Another one must be founded
somewhere in the State, as the one at
Columbus is overcrowded, and cannot
even then accommodate the many who
are applying, and it is believed that
by starting another institution of the
kind in Cincinnati the one at Colum-
bus would be ample to accommodate
the northern and central portion of
the State, while that at Cincinnati
could accommodate applicants from
Southern Ohio. A petition is now cir-
culating through the city, asking for
the establishment of a State institu-
tion here for the education of deaf-
mutes; also for the establishment of
a State day school in Cincinnati.

The pantomime school on Ninth
street is conducted on De l'Epee's sys-
tem. All communication between
pupil and teacher and between pupils
among themselves is carried on by
pantomime. The manual alphabet is
used in preference to signs whenever
possible. All familiar objects, all fre-
quently used verbs, adjectives, and
prepositions have signs, so that mutes
can converse by their signs as fast as
others can by speech, but, of course,
only the skeleton of thought is com-
municated. The nice shades of mean-
ing, complete details of narration, and,
of course, discourse on abstract or re-
condite subjects, are incommunicable
by this interesting and expressive pan-
tomime. The expression of the con-
tinuance has much to do in this mute
language.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 1.25
These prices are in advance. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.
For Terms, call in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

DEAF-MUTE FEMALE PUPILS SHOULD LEARN TO BE GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS.

We offer a few hints which, if not relished, we hope will be taken at their worth.

Our experience with servant girls who have been pupils, and some of whom are graduates of deaf-mute schools, has most abundantly substantiated the fact that female pupils of such institutions are woefully lacking in the practical knowledge of every day household duties. We have had several of this class of girls under employment, and, in every case, they were totally unfit subjects for tidy housekeepers. One of the most common of woman's housework—sweeping, for instance—they scarcely knew anything about, displaying an awkwardness in handling a broom which would put the veriest "Bridget," fresh from the "Emerald Isle," to the blush. In the first place, they did not even know how to manipulate a broom, and, in the second, they showed bad training by the manner in which they did not sweep and clean out the corners of the rooms. We next notice one other of the every day labors of the kitchen—washing dishes. In that branch of domestic labor they were tremendously deficient, if not absolutely filthy. Instead of proper rinsing and scalding of crockery with clean water, after having "washed" the dishes, the change was abrupt from the dirty water to the dryer. Nor was that all; the operator usually acted in such an awkward and slovenly manner that by the time the crockery was laid away in the pantry the domestic's apron and a considerable portion of her dress were besozzled with dirty dish-water.

It is scarcely needful to say that our "queen of the house" was obliged in every such case to exchange servants just as soon as possible, or go through the tedious task of teaching her domestics the rudimentary steps of kitchen work.

Next in order we notice the important matter of cooking. Here we would draw the veil were it not that we could otherwise serve female deaf-mute pupils a better purpose. Such cooking, or rather attempts at cooking, the angels might weep over with becoming appropriateness—lack of knowledge, indolence, filth, absent-mindedness, and waste of material from the starting of a fire in the kitchen stove until the climax was capped by placing the various burned, half-cooked, mutilated, unsavory viands on the dining-room table.

In the matter of washing and ironing there was an equal display of inefficiency, if not of positive "greenness," and so on to the end of the catalogue of usual domestic work. Total ignorance or only half-trained faculties glowed in brilliant failure.

But we will not further portray the picture. Our object is not one of malice, but for the good of deaf-mute girls who must earn a living by household labor, and for others who wish to do their own household duties and do them as they are done by good housekeepers.

We would respectfully suggest, to those who are in position to appropriate the suggestions to themselves, that while deaf-mute girls are spending from five to seven years in educational institutions they should not only be as thoroughly educated as possible in literary training, but should also be carefully trained in household work—taught to properly sweep, dust, wash, iron, mend, bake, fry, boil, roast, and stew, so that when they leave school they may readily adapt themselves to the duties of good domestic servants (if their circumstances should require them to work for others for support,) or be fitted to properly manage their own household affairs. These things are parts and par-

cels that go to make up the duties of nearly every woman of mature years at some period of her life, and their teachings should be instilled in early youth, when they are the most easily learned. This sort of instruction should be thoroughly inculcated. In addition to a knowledge of the above-specified duties, it would be a good plan also for the managers of deaf-mute institutions to have as many girls as possible instructed in the art of type-setting, dressmaking, millinery, and in other light trades, suitable for females, so that their field of labor and usefulness may be more extended.

To the female pupils of deaf-mute institutions of learning we would say that an early and thorough knowledge of the duties of the household which we have enumerated will fit them for proficient household servants, and at respectable wages, will enlarge their spheres of usefulness, ennoble their moral natures, prepare them for the enjoyment of life's solid pleasures, enable them to become the wives of good husbands and retain their best affections.

We offer these hints for what they are worth. The picture of poor domestic work is no higher colored than the facts warrant. No discouragements to deaf-mute girls, but good advice is intended. If our suggestions are beneficial we shall have subserved our purpose.

ORDER ABOUT THE HOUSE.

It is a good rule in the house as well as on the farm and in the shop, "a place for everything and everything in its place." Then we know where to find what we want, and no time is lost in looking for it, and no patience tried or wasted. It is rather vexatious to look for a thing and not find it where it ought to be when we need it. The good old Quaker said he was "never angry," but he was sorely vexed sometimes. Perhaps it was this that vexed his righteous soul—things out of place—things where they ought not to be—things not where they should be when he wanted them. It was something like this that led a citizen of a neighboring city to say to his ladder, "guess you were drunk last night—came home wrong end foremost!" He did not like to see any thing out of place or misplaced.

We need say nothing about fathers just now, for they are not supposed to have charge of the house, but perhaps they ought to set the children an example of order in the house as well as in the barn and on the farm. What if, when they come in, they put an overcoat in one chair, hat or cap in another, boots or shoes in the middle of the room, and set things in confusion generally? What kind of order is this? How long will it take children to learn to be orderly with such an example before them? Now what we were going to say is that mothers should teach their children to be orderly; but with such a disorderly creature at the head of the house, the mother must begin up at the head and teach the head to be orderly that the members may also learn to be. Let her give her husband some good lessons first, with all gentleness and love, and then let her take heed to herself. Let her be orderly—don't leave a shawl lying in one place, gloves in another, night-cap and shoes in another, and everything in confusion in kitchen and pantry, but everything in its place. Having thus made her husband and herself right, let her begin with the children when quite young, as soon as they can walk, and learn them to put up everything in order; hats, caps, shoes, play-things, all in order and in proper places. Thus order will become a habit, a second nature, and it will stick to them while they live, save time and trouble and much vexation of spirit. They will know where things are and where to find them when wanted; always in their proper place. So mothers should teach their children order in all things, to have a place for everything and everything in its place, and not only in its place, but in proper order there, so that, if need be, it can be found in the dark. The lesson well taught and learned, and enforced by a suitable example, will be a comfort to you and to them. To them, indeed, it may be worth a fortune.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

March 2, St. Louis, A. M. and P. M.
" 7, Michigan City, P. M.
" 9, Chicago, A. M. and P. M.
" 14, Marion, O., P. M.
" 16, Ind'ian, Ind., A. M. and P. M.
" 23, Flint, Mich., A. M. and P. M.
" 26, Jackson, P. M.
" 30, Detroit, A. M. and P. M.
April 3, Delaware, O., P. M.
" 4, Dayton, P. M.
" 6, Cincinnati, P. M.
" 13, Cleveland, A. M. and P. M.
" 20, Pittsburg, Pa., A. M. and P. M.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The Cincinnati day school now numbers thirty-two pupils.

Rev. A. W. Mann's last service in Cincinnati was very largely attended.

Gymnastic exercise is again in practice with the boys of the Colorado Institution.

Wood-carving has been introduced into the cabinet-shop of the Missouri Institution.

The Missouri Institution boys and girls are enjoying good skating on the ponds near that school. The children of Mrs. Graebe, of Cincinnati, are all down with the scarlet fever, and are very destitute.

The death of Mrs. Charity Johnson, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, is reported. She died of consumption.

Henry Bush, a pupil of the Missouri Institution, recently had the misfortune to fall on the ice and break one of his arms. He is now recovering.

Ninety-two thousand dollars is the sum talked of by the legislature to be appropriated this year for the Illinois Institution.

Come to think about it we have not seen the *Educator* since last October. Has it suspended, or have we been cut off from the exchange list?—*Mirror*.

Levitt Garretson, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, while under the influence of liquor, was killed on the railroad near Morrow, O., a few days ago.

Grace Young, a pupil of the Colorado Institution, recently received a present of several valuable books from her grandfather, W. K. Young, of Columbus, O.

The semi-annual examination of deaf-mute pupils of the Michigan Institution, lately held, proved to be very satisfactory, and the pupils acquitted themselves well.

We have, but what of it? We know no more of the Institution where it is published than if the *Educator* had never existed. What is the use of publishing such defunct papers anyhow?—*Star*.

A bundle of small articles of clothing from home recently made two of the Colorado Institution pupils happy. Many other friends of deaf-mutes away from home at school might make them likewise happy.

The appointments of Bishop Gillespie will take him to Detroit on the 30th of March. There will be a confirmation in the evening of that day at St. John's Church. Rev. A. W. Mann expects to be present.

Photographs of the late Principal John A. Jacobs, of the Kentucky Institution, are for sale at 50 cents each. The *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* says they may be had by any party at a distance by sending the money to the foreman of the printing-office.

The Waldoboro correspondent of the *Danvers Herald and Record* says that Elmer E., son of James and Augustine O. Luding, died at the American Asylum, January 18th, aged 17 years. His remains were taken home to Waldoboro for interment.

Saturday, the 8th inst., was the date of the quarter-centennial of the Michigan Institution. The editor of the *Mirror* hopes the semi-centennial will be celebrated, but calculates that the time is too far away to do him much good. We hope not, certainly.

At the close of the first session, a few days ago, of the present term of school at the Ohio Institution, Misses R. E. Hare and A. Jones, successful and valued teachers, finished their labors there, and have been succeeded in the primary department by Miss Annie E. Frost, of Alliance, and Miss Fannie M. G. Camp, of Sandusky.

In our pupils only know how disgusting and sickening the habit of continually snuffing, snuffing, snuffing, snuffing to hearing people, we are quite sure they would stop it. It is a very ungentlemanly or unhygienic habit, and generally results from laziness. After reading this, don't be too lazy to use your handkerchief, and save other people great annoyance.—*Mirror*. (The above is good advice, and is applicable to not only deaf-mutes, but also to hearing people, many of whom are guilty of the same indolent habit.—*Ed.*)

There has just died in this country a lady who, at the age of sixteen years, from some cause or other, stopped the use of her tongue, and, until just before her death, twenty years ago, she was never heard to utter a word. As her last hours were drawing near, she sent for some of her friends and dictated her will in a manner that proved her sound in mind and fluent in language. She spoke of many things that occurred in the country during her apparent dumbness, but gave no reason for her strange conduct. An attempt was made to break her will on the ground of insanity, but it failed.—*Opelthorpe, Ga., Echo*.

A Watertown paper of February 21st says: "The case of Coeagne, alias Coon, the Cape Vincent deaf-mute poultry dealer, which was before U. S. Commissioner Alsworth some days ago and adjourned, was brought up this morning. Witnesses were sworn from Brooklyn to the effect that they had corresponded with the prisoner, and sent him money, and received no answer. W. F. Potter summed up the case for the prisoner, and the Commissioner, after commenting on the evidence, said he would hold the prisoner till the next term of U. S. Court, which is some time in March next. He placed his bail at \$1,000, and the prisoner, being unable to procure it, was taken to jail."

A mouse, though so small and of little concern to people, was the centre of attraction among some of the pupils at the Pennsylvania Institution one evening. One of the boys, who was formerly termed Dr. Franklin, on account of his venerable aspect, received the title M. D. for dissecting the unfortunate little "rattin" and presenting a spectacle not very pleasant to the sensitive feelings of some, all the while muttering to himself, rather to the mouse:

"You are a hairy little cuss,
No matter whence you came,
I'll settle you, don't make a fuss,
(Although I would do the same.)
And when I'm through I'll claim to be,
Known by the title M. D."

On Thursday, Feb. 6th, "by the dawn's early light," at Summerfield, Noble county, at the residence of Hon. Charles Hare, Miss Ruth E. Hare was united in marriage to Mr. Amos Eldridge, of Springfield, Ohio. The ceremony was performed in pantomime by Sup't. Fay, of the Ohio Institution, assisted, in behalf of the hearing guests, by Rev. Mr. Robbins, of Duncan's Falls, Ohio. Mr. Eldridge was connected with the Institution 1857-64, and has since been a frequent and welcome visitor. Mrs. Eldridge received her education here, beginning with 1862, and upon its completion entered upon the duties of a teacher, and so remained until her marriage. The contracting parties have the hearty congratulations and the earnest good wishes of a large circle of friends.—*Mute's Chronicle*.

We are in receipt of two copies of the seventh annual report of the Le Conteux St. Mary's Institution for the Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, for the year ending September 30th, 1878. Sister Mary Anne Burke, the principal, says that when she made her last (preceding) report there were 102 pupils resident in the house; now (at the time of this report) there 117—66 boys and 51 girls. During the school year 132 were instructed. Thirty-four new pupils were admitted during the year; 4 died and 15 were discharged. Of those now (1877-8) there 38 are appointed State pupils of New York, 4 appointed from the State of New Jersey; 2 are too old and 2 are too young to be appointed; some are paid for by parents or guardians, and some are beneficiaries of the institution. The principal had nine teachers, experienced in the duties required of them, and the work of the school-rooms went on with credit to the teachers and benefit to the pupils. The following pupils died during the year: Anna Mary, aged 14, in March; James McConnell, of Philadelphia, Pa., aged 17, in June; Agnes J. Higgins, aged 18, in June; during vacation Mary Emmerling died at her home. The institution was free from epidemics, and the general health of the pupils was good. Many important improvements have taken place.

Why the First Steamboat on the Hudson Bore a French Name.

During the French revolution in 1793, when the nobility of France were compelled to seek safety in flight, and the throngs of exiles to this country were made up of dukes and princes of the blood, the Count St. Hilary, a young Frenchman, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, a daughter of the noble house of Clermont, landed upon American shores. Following the trail of emigration westward, they reached Oneida Lake, which was then on the great thoroughfare of travel, and is situated in what is now Oneida county, northeast of Syracuse. They were attracted by the beautiful island in the lake, and having landed upon it concluded to make it their future home. Here in the deep solitude of nature, they enjoyed for many months perfect peace and quietude. Their place of residence was, however, finally discovered by the distinguished Chancellor Robert R. Livingston. This gentleman was a prominent statesman of the Revolution and the proprietor of Livingston Manor in Columbia county on the Hudson. He had enjoyed, while on a visit to Paris, the elegant hospitality of the family of the Countess St. Hilary, and he determined to visit the exiles in their rural homes. He was cordially received by them, and succeeded in prevailing upon them to return with him to his mansion on the Hudson. They continued to reside there, the guests of the Chancellor, until Bonaparte put an end to the reign of terror and restored much of the confiscated property to those who had been expropriated, when they returned to France. Several years afterward, as Livingston stood upon the banks of the Seine, amidst a crowd of distinguished Parisians, witnessing the first experiment of Robert Fulton, in steam navigation, he was recognized by the count, who at once took him to his residence and treated him, during his stay in Paris, as a generous benefactor and an honored guest. Livingston's mansion on the Hudson and the first steamboat of Fulton and Livingston were both named in honor of the lady's family, "Clermont." This vessel made her first successful trip to Albany in September, 1807.

Farm Life.
It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces; his co-operations with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.
Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!—*Scribner*.

Spring work is coming on, and many most useful suggestions on what to do, and the when and how, are given in the *American Agriculturist* for March 1st, an advance copy of which is just at hand. This number has a full hundred of practical articles and items, illustrated with 77 engravings of labor-helping contrivances, of plants, animals, etc., etc. Peter Henderson tells which are the best varieties of thirty different things to be grown in the garden—a most useful guide. The details of farm experiments with fertilizers are very instructive. Sundry Humbugs are shown up. Mr. Tilden's Iron Mines, and the interesting iron regions of the Northwest, are described in Editorial Correspondence. This number is alone worth a whole subscription, which is now only \$1.50 a year. Single copies, 15 cents. Orange Judd Company, Publishers, New York.

To Women especially we recommend Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It is pleasant to the taste and adapted to all ages.

Local Paragraphs.

Prospect of a thaw—some time.

Miss Nellie Alfred is sick with a cold.

Miss Emma Knowlton is very sick with typhoid pneumonia.

Miss Kate Brown has been worse during the past few days.

We learn that several members of Mr. Johnrow's family are sick.

Mrs. John Freeman and Miss Emma Pearson are sick with colds.

Goodwin Brown was called home last week to attend his father's funeral.

A child belonging to L. N. Kimball is said to be very sick with some brain disease.

C. L. Griffith was at home last Sunday. He reports the boot and shoe trade rather quiet, but reviving.

We are pleased to hear that Dr. J. U. Manwarren is getting better, and hope soon to see him on our streets again.

Mrs. L. B. Thompson has been very sick for several days past, but we understand that she is now more comfortable.

Barker Brothers have hired the Morehouse meat market, and are now running two markets, including their old stand.

The Kenyon divorce suit, instead of being continued on the 18th of February, was again adjourned—this time until March 18th.

W. H. Richardson is again in the grocery business, having purchased the stock formerly owned by the late firm of Goit & Castle.

George Thorp has been a "little off the hooks" for a few days with a sore throat, but has managed to attend to his duties in E. L. Huntington's drug store.

The funeral services of Mr. T. G. Brown were largely attended at his late residence last Thursday afternoon, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity of this village.

Last Monday the streets and walks of our village were in a very bad condition, owing to the large amount of new, heavy snow, but the most of them were quite passable before night.

The donation for the benefit of Rev. W. F. Hemenway, which was postponed on account of a heavy storm, is to be held at the parsonage on the afternoon and evening of Friday, February 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prunye have lately been spending a few days very pleasantly in visiting Mr. Prunye's parents and other friends in this village. "Charley" is still engaged as a traveling salesman for the Hop Bitters Company.

Frank Johnson, who left his school on account of sickness, has been very low during the past few days. He is, however, having the most skillful medical treatment and the kindest of care, and we hope to be able in due time to chronicle his complete recovery.

The entertainment at the Town Hall last Saturday night, given by the Reehabites, was quite largely attended and proved to be one of much interest. "Enlisted for the war, or our home guards" was very creditably acted, and the music discoursed by the Helicon Band was very fine, as usual.

Mrs. Loren Miller, who lived two miles east of this place, died at about three o'clock last Saturday morning, of lung difficulty, after a short but severe sickness. Mrs. Miller was an energetic, industrious woman, a kind mother, good neighbor, and, we believe, a member of the Wesleyan Church at Prattville. Her husband died in October, 1864.

Last Sunday morning dawned cold, but clear and beautiful. The weather continued fine till about one or two o'clock, when snow squalls set in with intervening fluctuations of semi-sunshine. Towards night the storm settled into more regularity and before Monday night there was an addition of a foot of new snow, and the railroad track was so badly filled up as to interrupt travel again.

The M. E. society held services in the town hall last Sunday morning and evening, and will continue to hold them there until the repairing of the church is completed, which, it is said, will be some time in the month of March. In the morning Mr. Hemenway preached a very able sermon on the intermediate state of the soul between death and the resurrection. In the evening he drew some practical suggestions from the sudden death of the late T. G. Brown.

The following verdict of the coroner's jury in relation to the death of Mr. T. G. Brown, of this village, exempts the railroad company from all blame in the matter: "Coroner Caldwell, of Pulaski, held an inquest upon the body of T. G. Brown, who was killed by the cars near Sand Hill Monday last, yesterday. The jury brought in the following verdict as near as I can get it: The coroner's jury in the case of T. G. Brown, who was found injured on the railroad on Monday last, are unanimous in the opinion that the R. W. & O. RR. or its employees are entirely exempt from blame, and that said Brown came to his death from accident by being thrown from his car under a railroad train or in collision with the train: Signed—C. E. Heaton, foreman, C. L. Webb, J. C. Taylor, H. C. Peck, D. D. Becker, J. Edick, A. L. Munger, L. Miller, M. Dillon, H. L. Cole, Mr.—, of Pulaski, cannot learn his name." The above was copied from the Mexico correspondence of the *Oswego Palladium*.

LONGFELLOW'S HOME.

Mr. Longfellow's house at Cambridge is one of the few American houses to which pilgrimages will be made in the future. It was surrounded with historic associations before he entered it, and it is now surrounded with poetic ones—a double halo encircling its time-honored walls. It is supposed to have been built in the first half of the last century by Colonel John Vassall, who died in 1847, and whose ashes repose in the churchyard at Cambridge, under a freestone tablet, on which are sculptured the words *Vas-sol*, and the emblems a goblet and sun. He left a son John, who lived into Revolutionary times, and was a royalist, as many of the rich colonists were. The house passed from his hands (for a suitable consideration, let us hope) and came into the hands of the provincial government, who allotted it to General Washington as his headquarters after the battle of Bunker Hill. Its next occupant was a certain Mr. Thomas Tracy, of whom tradition says that he was very rich and that his servants drank his costly wines from carved pitchers. He appears to have sent out privaters to scour the seas in the East and West Indies, and to worry the commerce of England and Spain; though why he should include the galleons of Spain in his free-booting voyages is not clear. He failed one day, and the hundred guests who had been accustomed to sit down at the banquets of Vassal house were compelled to find other hosts. Bankrupt Tracy was succeeded by Andrew Craigie, apothecary-general of the northern provincial army, who amassed a fortune in that office, which fortune took to itself wings, though not before it had enlarged Vassal house, and built a bridge over the Charles River connecting Cambridge with Boston and still bearing his name.

In the summer of 1837, a studious young gentleman of thirty might have been seen wending his way down the elm-shaded path which led to the Craigie house. He lifted the huge knocker, which fell with a brazen clang, and inquired for Mrs. Craigie. The parlor door was thrown open, and a tall, erect figure, crowned with a turban, stood before him. It was the relict of Andrew Craigie, widom apothecary-general of the dead and gone northern provincial army. The young gentleman inquired if there was a room vacant in her house.

"I lodge students no longer," she answered gravely.

"But I am not a student," he remarked. "I am a professor of the university."

"A professor?" she inquired, as if she associated learning with age.

"Professor Longfellow," said the would-be lodger.

"Ah! that is different. I will show you what there is."

She then proceeded to show him several rooms, saying as she closed the door of each, "You cannot have that." At last she opened the door of the south-east corner room of the second story, and said that he could have it. "This was General Washington's chamber." So Professor Longfellow became a resident of this old historic house, which had been occupied before him by Edward Everett and Jared Sparks, and which was occupied with him by Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer. Truly, his lines had fallen in pleasant places.—*Ex.*

A BOY WANTED.

A few mornings since a lady living on Clifford street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out all the offices where he is," said the boy, as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap-sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied.

"I—I guess I hadn't better," he half-whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said, as she advanced and extended her hand.

"Oh, 'twouldn't be 'actly right, ma'am, cause I know he'd gin me fifty cents."

"See here, boy," she said as she felt for the dollar bill left her to buy coffee and tea, "you take this, give me the letter, and don't say a word to Mr.—about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much of a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!"

"Mebbe there hain't a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go!"

She took it and entered the house, and the boy with peach-colored ears flew down the street like a cannibal going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful.

The boy seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas, default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, etc. She wants to lead another interview with the lad.

If it meets his eye he will please call between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock a. m., when she feels the strongest.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 41-ly.

A Woman Succeeding Where Edison Failed.

[New York Sun.]
Mrs. Mary F. Walton, who invented the sand-box device for deadening the noise on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, had the principle suggested to her by the method adopted by her father, who stopped the clamor of a blacksmith shop by setting the anvils in boxes filled with sand. Mrs. Walton experimented in her cellar with two bars of railroad iron, three or four feet long, laid across two barrel heads, applying the deadening sand-box and striking with a hammer until the result sought for was obtained. The negotiations for the application of the patent to the Metropolitan Railway were all through Mr. John Beard, who operated individually, and purchased the invention. By the terms between him and Mrs. Walton he pays the expenses of procuring a patent and defending a notice of interference which it becomes necessary to file, as another person had filed a caveat claiming the same invention. Further clauses of the agreement are that Mr. Beard was to pay to Mrs. Walton \$1,000 in cash on signing the contract, \$1,000 on issuing the patent, and \$1,000 after one mile is laid on the Metropolitan Railway; that Mrs. Walton is to receive one-half of any and all royalties paid by other roads or persons for the use of the patent, the amount of the royalty to be fixed by Mrs. Walton, subject to the approval of Mr. Beard. The invention was first tested on four blocks of the road, on the up-track from Thirtieth to Thirty-fourth streets, and gave very satisfactory results.

A New Use for the Cat.

It seems that the Belgians have formed a society for the mental and moral improvement of cats. Their first effort has been to train the cat to do the work of the carrier pigeon. The most astute and accomplished scientific person would have his ideas of locality totally confused by being tied up in a meal-bag and carried twenty miles from home and let out in a strange neighborhood in the middle of the night. This experiment has, however, been tried upon cats of only average abilities, and the invariable result has been that the departed animal has reappeared at his native kitchen door the next morning, and calmly ignored the whole affair. This wonderful skill in traveling through unfamiliar regions without a guide-book or a compass has suggested the possibility of cats being used as special messengers. Recently, thirty-seven cats residing in the city of Liege were taken in bags a long distance into the country. The animals were liberated at two o'clock in the afternoon. At 6:48 the same afternoon one of them reached his home. His feline companions arrived at Liege somewhat later; but it is understood that within twenty-four hours every one had reached his home. It is proposed to establish, at an early day, a regular system of cat communication between Liege and the neighboring villages.

Don't Learn a Trade.

No, don't learn a trade, young man. You might soil your hands, wilt your shirt collar, and spoil your complexion by sweating. Go, hang your chin over a counter; learn to talk twaddle to the ladies; part your hair in the middle; make an ass of yourself generally; and work for wages that wouldn't support a Chinese laundryman on rice, fed rats and leave a big enough balance to his wash-woman—just because it is a little more genteel in the eyes of people whose pride prevents them from pounding rock or hewing wood, and whose poverty pinches worse than one of those patent cross-legged clothes pins, if the truth were only told.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Isaac Jacques is an old and wealthy resident of Elizabeth, N. J. His son John became a drunkard and led such a life of debauchery that he was disowned by his parents. A year ago John attended the temperance reform club and signed the pledge which he has kept religiously ever since. The other evening the members of the club visited the old Jacques mansion, and William C. Souter, president of the club, made known to the aged father the object of the meeting by telling him that his prodigal son had resolved to come back to his father's house; that he had been feeding long enough on the husks, and the company had come with him to bear witness that he had been faithful one year, and that they believed that he would be true to the end. The scene cannot be described. It was a real prodigal returning to his home. When the old man saw his son standing before him he went to him and threw his arms around his neck, kissed him, and went like a child. It was a scene that will long be remembered by all who were present.

Mr. Tilden's Iron Mines, which have recently attracted considerable public attention, are described and illustrated in the *American Agriculturist* for March, by one of the Editors, who has been on a tour through the North-west, the Far West, etc., and is giving a series of chapters from his observations. It is stated that about one-third of all the iron produced in the United States comes from a small area in the part of Michigan lying between Lakes Michigan and Superior.

The authorities are weeding out the cattle sick with pleuro-pneumonia at Blissville, on Long Island, N. Y., having their values appraised, and killing in order to prevent the spreading of the contagious disease.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

BOSTON NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The walking fever is still spreading here. The twenty-five mile amateur walking contest for the New England championship took place at the hall formerly occupied by the Mechanic's Fair in Boston on the evening of the 15th inst., and there were three valuable prizes, including the French music-box, valued at \$125 for first; a pair of opera glasses, valued at \$75, to second; a silver cup, valued at \$25, to third, with additional prizes to all contestants who should have covered twenty-five miles inside of five hours. There were 23 starters participating in the walking contest, and the contest was very exciting and interesting. Among the contestants were E. W. Frisbee and A. W. Gerry, our Boston mates.

One by one the pedestrians dropped out early or late in the contest, through their exhausted conditions, and there were only five or six walkers left in the struggle to complete the 25-mile contest, among which were Frisbee and Gerry, who proved to be the plucky young men.

E. E. Merrill, of Boston, the present holder of the ten-mile championship, who was the last in the starting of the contestants, gradually crept toward and finally took the lead from Frisbee in the sixteenth mile. He kept his lead till the finish, when he won the honors and the first prize—the music-box.

E. W. Frisbee rapidly went to the front at the opening of the race, and kept ahead of all until the sixteenth mile, when Merrill passed him. He came in second, and carried away the second prize. Kieren, of Chelmsford, Mass., won the third prize. A. W. Gerry and Lathrop, of Boston, respectively, came in fourth and fifth, and were entitled to the fourth and fifth prizes, as they accomplished the feat of walking 25 miles inside of five hours.

Merrill covered 25 miles in 4 hours, 14 minutes and 38 seconds; his first mile in 10 minutes, his last mile in 9 minutes and 18 seconds; his fastest mile was walked in 8 minutes and 54 seconds—the eighth mile.

Frisbee covered 25 miles in 4 hours, 17 minutes and 73 seconds; his first mile in 9 minutes and 30 seconds; his last mile in 11 minutes and 123 seconds; his quickest mile in 8 minutes and 31 seconds—the eighteenth mile.

Kieren walked 25 miles in 4 hours, 24 minutes and 293 seconds.

Gerry walked 25 miles in 4 hours, 26 minutes and 39 seconds.

Lathrop covered 25 miles in 4 hours, 53 minutes and 223 seconds.

The mute friends of Frisbee and Gerry were enthusiastic over and congratulated them on their success in carrying away the second and fourth prizes respectively.

It is very evident that Frisbee rapidly improves his reputation as a very fast walker, and bids fair to become one of the fastest walkers.

The committee of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, in compliance with the wishes of the mute friends of Mr. W. P. Wade, of Boston, invited him to lecture before the society, which he did on the 12th inst. He drew a full house, and delivered a historical lecture, which proved to be one of the best lectures the society ever enjoyed. His lecture was listened to with much attention and interest. I regret my inability to remember what subject he lectured on, but it was something pertaining to the late Great Rebellion.

SPECTATOR.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 17, 1879.

AN OLD MATTER RE-HASHED.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was very much surprised upon reading, in a recent issue of your paper, a letter signed by W. A. Bond. He there, with his characteristic obtuseness, and with the greatest vulgarity of language, freely discussed the character of a friend of mine named Thos. F. Fox. I could scarcely express the indignation which I felt on reading it, for every one who is acquainted with Mr. Fox knows, and I have no doubt but what he knew when he wrote it, that he had no foundation whatever upon which to base such assertions. I was very much pleased when Mr. Fox came out in his manly way and so conclusively disproved the base assertions made against him, and so clearly showed up the character of his calumniator. It is always a sure sign in a man that he has a narrow mind and an extreme scarcity of ideas when, ignoring all argument, he begins to abuse his antagonist; and if ever I saw this exemplified I think it was in the letter of Mr. Bond.

I have nothing to say in regard to the very extravagant accusations made by him, for Mr. Fox has answered them, but it amuses me to hear him talk of his Manhattan society. Nearly all the members present he says read Mr. Dougherty's letter. Now all who know the society can readily see that there must have been a very small proportion of the members present, for there are but very few members of that refined literary society that could understand Mr. D's letter. Now as Mr. Bond has in this, as in every other debate that he has entered into in your paper, been ignominiously defeated I would advise him to step down and out; but, before he does that, I think he ought, for once in his life, to do a manly and gentlemanly act, and apologize to Mr. Fox for the attack he has made against him. I know that Mr. Fox's character has suffered very little in the estimation of his friends, but, for the benefit of all who do not know

him, I would state that he is head and shoulders above Bond in every thing that goes to make a man.

Mr. Fox is a young semi-mute, 18 years of age, and 5 feet, 5 inches in height. Before he lost his hearing by sickness, at the age of 11, he was looked upon as a boy of great promise, having carried off many of the prizes as the best scholar in his class. Being of an ambitious mind, he has obtained many of the honors in the studies he possesses something else which we, deaf-mutes, can appreciate more than learning and ability, and that is a kind and sympathetic heart. While the more unfortunate deaf-mutes are laughed at and derided by such persons as Bond he has always been their friend, and sympathizing with them, and he will always receive their gratitude, despite his modesty. I have ventured to write of him because I thought some of your readers who are not acquainted with him might want to know whether he is deserving of such a character as Mr. Bond gives him, and, in closing, I only hope that Mr. Bond will do what is right, and acknowledge himself in the wrong.

JOHN F. DONNELLY.
Blackstone, Mass., Feb. 19, 1879.

A BORN DEAF-MUTE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please permit me, in justice to born deaf-mutes, to correct an error made by your correspondent Mr. John F. Donnelly in his letter to your valuable paper of January 30th, and headed "Explanation," in which he says that a semi-mute, Mr. Greene, of Canada, reflects the highest credit upon his *alma mater*, at Washington.

I have known Mr. Greene for the last three years, and when we first met he told me that he was born a deaf-mute. Having been in almost daily intercourse with him ever since, I can vouch for the truth of what I say. I know that Mr. Greene will readily pardon the liberty I take in writing this without his knowledge or permission, since it is to show that born deaf-mutes can in many respects, by patient and persevering study, become equal to hearing and speaking persons. I know that Mr. Greene would make any sacrifice for the benefit of the deaf and dumb.

Yours truly,
CANNON.

A LETTER FROM THE INDIANA INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me great pleasure to be again a correspondent for your paper, which surpasses all others in the world in interest and benefit to the deaf-mutes. I shall send you a great deal of good news, which has occurred in this institution, from which your readers will be glad to hear. Our superintendent, Rev. Thos. MacIntire, has been and is doing the best for the institution he can. He is in strong hopes to obtain an appropriation of \$51,000 from the legislature to enlarge the institution for at least 175 new pupils, who cannot be received here this term, as he made a very good exhibition in the chapel, before the members of the legislature on the 7th of February.

All the shops have been somewhat enlarged, and the work is improving with remarkable rapidity. The turning shop has been given every facility, so that the cabinet-makers are improving faster, with less trouble and difficulty, at present, than last year. The cabinet-makers are making forty beds for the institution for the blind in this city, and it is said that about two hundred more beds will be made for the new pupils before the approach of our vacation. The cabinet-shop has 36 boys; the shoe shop 40; the chair-making shop 90, and the turning shop 3.

The Clero Literary Society is still improving, with great benefit and interest. The new president, Mr. T. Michael, of the Gallaudet division, took the old president's seat, in accordance with our constitution, which says that the officers shall be elected alternately from each of the two divisions. Then the new secretary, Mr. Philip Hassenstaub, came upon the platform, the old secretary handed his old seat to him, and rode on an old mule to Brazil, after he had bidden farewell to all the members. The vice-president is Miss Cora Coe; the assistant secretary, Miss Ida Price, and the treasurer, Mr. E. Brown. The society recently had a very good monthly public meeting for all, who were cordially invited, and there were about 350 spectators.

Miss Mary King, who was elected vice-president at the same time as Mr. Michael, went home before Christmas. After so short a time, we were all greatly surprised to find that she had been married to one of the porters of the Grand Hotel in this city without the consent of her parents. Indeed, she is one of the most beautiful of ladies, and her manner is gracefully winning, so that her conversation is full of wit and intelligence. But she was expelled from our society soon after her marriage, and Miss Coe took her place as vice-president, and Miss Martha Chandler was invited to take her place as a member.

Eight speakers, including Misses E. B. Lowe, Emma Macy, Ida Price, Cora Coe, and Messrs. Field Morrow, W. J. Blount, Albert Berg, and Charles Kearney, have been selected by the society, to deliver speeches on the 22d of February, in honor of General George Washington's birthday. The chapel will be splendidly decorated with evergreens, flags, &c. The society hopes to have a masked party on Saturday night, the 22d of this month, if the superintendent gives permission.

Miss Sarah Summers, a fine-looking lady, of Boston, Mass., came here just

after New Years, and takes charge of the articulation class, instead of Miss Thatcher, who resigned her position and went to her home in Hartford, Conn.

The street car railroad from this institution to the depot, nearly 3 miles, was completed a short time ago. The deaf-mutes here have formerly been compelled to walk to town, but they now have an opportunity of riding pleasantly in the street cars.

Mr. Frank Hesse, a deaf-mute gentleman, of Indianapolis, showed us a very old Bible, 109 years old. It is somewhat strange that it differs from our present Bibles.

Yours respectfully,
A PUPIL.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 13, 1879.

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 18, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—We have had our share of incidents occurring in our institution and its vicinity, and I shall endeavor to indicate the principal ones with the pen (which is a powerful diffuser of knowledge), but I do not expect to write about all of them; however, they are perhaps all worth publishing in your well known paper.

Your readers know how interesting it is to trace the life of a prominent citizen, a glorious soldier; a benevolent philanthropist; or a person of extraordinary faculties. Such is the brief biography of our late well-known physician, whom it was God's will to take away from this world last month. The person I refer to was John B. Biddle, M. D. I am sorry to say that his biography has not, since his death, been given to us; but, nevertheless, I shall try to write about him what I have heard. He ended his worldly career on the 19th of January, 1879. It is said that while on a visit to Girard College, about two weeks before his death, he caught a heavy cold, which resulted in typhoid fever, which caused his death. He held a high station in life, and was well known in this city. He was Professor of *materia medica* and dean of the faculty of Jefferson Medical College; president of the board of directors of the county prison, and of the Philadelphia Savings Fund, and physician of Girard College, and of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; as well as consulting physician at several other charitable institutions. In a number of obscure circumstances, his private practice was almost entirely of the latter nature. He was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., in the year 1816 and was a son of Clement C. Biddle, who, in early life, was an officer in the military and naval service of the United States. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. After his graduation from that university, he went to Paris, where he placed himself under the instruction of the best medical men in that city. After acquiring a knowledge of his profession, which made his writings, of which there are several in existence, standard authorities, particularly his work upon *materia medica*, he was elected to the vacant professorship of *materia medica* in Jefferson College, upon the death of Dr. T. D. Mitchell, which took place in 1865. He held this position continuously and satisfactorily up to the period of his death.

His skill in medical treatment was sometimes wonderful, as in the case of one of the boys, to whom I am going to allude. The little boy was suffering very much from inflammation of the lungs—pneumonia. After suffering a few weeks, there was no hope of his recovery. But Dr. Biddle's skill enabled him to take out about a quart of matter from the patient's lungs, and to produce his recovery. This boy is now running around his home; but he is not here yet, for he can restore his health better at home. To take another case; another boy fell into the hands of the enemy—consumption, but Dr. Biddle's talents rendered him capable of treating him so well that he got better. This boy is resuming his studies now.

The deceased doctor was nearly sixty-three years old, and leaves a widow and six children; nearly all of them are adults. The meeting of the board of directors took place on Wednesday, February 5th, 1879. Then the election of the new physician was decided on. At last one out of about thirty candidates, Dr. J. Minis Hays, was elected physician. He has been one of the directors, and he was, no doubt, the most active of all of them; as it was his custom to come here, often scarcely losing a day, to examine the materials to see if the arrangement was right, and if he found any fault with them he would surely correct it. Nearly all the new changes, some of which have been mentioned in your paper, were made by his own power (which seemed as if he had been a king or an emperor.) However, he has improved the condition of the institution considerably. I have heard that he has treated some patients, who say that they like him well as a doctor. He is the editor of a medical magazine, the name of which I do not know. From this, it is seen that he is well versed in the art of healing, and it is hoped that he will be kind to the patients, and treat them wisely. There was a mistake in the issue of the JOURNAL; the correspondent mistook John B. Biddle for Nicholas B. Biddle, as it should be spelled Dr. John B. Biddle.

There is no way to get a good character better than moral rectitude of heart; in proof of this, I am going to give an account of one of the boys, who (I trust that it will lead your readers to speak in glowing terms of his honesty) set an example of honesty,

which will perhaps touch some of your readers. On Saturday, February 8th, 1879, Mr. Morrison McKie, a deaf-mute aged thirteen years, was on a stroll on Chestnut street, in this city. His attention was attracted to something which glittered in the sunshine, and, picking it up, he found it to be a pair of gold spectacles, which proved to have been lost. Returning here, he gave them to the principal, relating to him how he got them, and telling him that he might advertise them in the paper so that some one who had lost them might gladly get them again. On Tuesday, February 11th, a lady came here and got the lost spectacles. After receiving knowledge of the circumstances, which, in my opinion, filled her thoughts with admiration of the honest finder, she did ample justice to him by remunerating him with a reward of one dollar.

Only the trades of shoemaking and tailoring have been practiced here for years. At the recent meeting of the directors, who have been trying to introduce printing, cabinet-making, and some other trades, could not, for want of the masters, who refused to accept their requests, and they, at last, decided to introduce the art of lithography. They appointed a new professor, named Mr. Arms, who said that if the new art should go on successfully to the end of one month he would like to remain as the master; but if it did not, then he would not. The new art was commenced on Wednesday, February 12th. Eight boys are learning this art, and Mr. Arms says they have done this hard task well. The directors have made a rule that no boy who does not return here next fall shall be allowed to join the new class, as it will be of no use to him, for it requires three or more years to learn lithography. Mr. Arms cannot hear, but can speak very well. He is able to read the lips well, and you would not think him to be deaf when you see him talking with a speaking person. When I first saw him talking I thought he could hear. He is not familiar with the sign-language, as he has never been under instruction like the deaf-mutes, for he lost his hearing by a fever (I suppose) some years ago.

Last Thursday Mr. George W. Campbell was bound in holy marriage to Miss Katie L. Purvis by Rev. Mr. Stubbs, in this city. I wish them success in their new sphere of life. Both of them graduated from this institution.

Yesterday Mr. William A. Butler, one of the pupils, who has been here nearly five years, left here and went home. His parents are going to remove to the great State for immigrants—Kansas—soon. He expects to go to school there next fall.

SEEN.

THE DEAF HEAR AND THE DUMB SPEAK.

BY P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

Yes, the deaf hear with the eyes, and speak with the hand; and sometimes the eye hears what the hearing fails to hear! and the hand can, at times, speak louder than the voice. As a proof, deaf-mutes often talk to each other across a noisy street, which would be hard to do by the voice.

What a blessing an education is to those who cannot hear or speak. And how different are deaf-mutes now treated than they were a long time ago in heathen lands, when they were thrown into rivers to alligators and big fish, as one who was deaf and dumb was regarded as a demon or a bad omen, and also as demented.

The first school for deaf-mutes was started in this country in 1817, at Hartford, Conn., by Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. He went to England first to learn the secret how to teach deaf-mutes to read and write; but those in England who knew the secret would not teach it to him, so he went to France and learned it there.

After he returned to America, he opened his school with only three pupils! In fact, nearly all such schools begin with very few pupils. The Kansas school was opened with only one pupil!

We have in America some fifty or more schools for these unfortunate children, with about six thousand of these children as pupils.

The State of New York has some six State schools for these children, and nearly every State in the Union has one or more schools, called once "Deaf and Dumb Asylums," but as they are in no sense asylums, they are now called Deaf-Mute Institutions, as they are real places of learning.

It is estimated that there are about 350 deaf-mutes in Chicago; 1,600 in the State of Illinois; 30,000 in the United States, and about 1,000,000 in the world. What a great number this must be of people who are deaf and dumb!

Would any of my little readers like to be deaf and dumb, even for one day? How lonely and sad mutes must feel when they see people talking, laughing and singing, and not to hear a single word, and, above all, none of the sweet sounds of music.

Yet what education the majority of deaf and voiceless people get makes their lives more bearable and often even happy. Go where a few of them are together and you will see smiling faces and sprightly actions that they are not sad! Some of them are talented and become well educated.

Many of them get married to each other and raise children. The children of deaf-mutes are seldom ever deaf and dumb like their parents. Such children are a great help to their mute parents as interpreters, as writing is slow, besides too many hearing people can't write.

The writer of this is what is called a "semi-mute," i. e., half deaf and half dumb, or one who can hear some and talk some, and who commenced to learn his manual, or deaf-mute A B C's, when he was 21 years old.

I hope all my little readers who can hear and talk will take courage and try, and be good and intelligent, for it is goodness, not fine clothes, nor money, nor wealth, nor high position, that makes people happy. Let your ambition always be to do your work well and to be faithful in all things, and of good habits, and then you will pass through the world happy and respected.—*Newsboy's Appeal.*

Union is Strength—Knowledge is Power.

BY THOMAS A. VICKERS.

[From the School and Home.]

In every age man has associated with his fellow men; history is well stored with instances of vast combinations of men, formed for various purposes, and demonstrating the stupendous power of associated actions for good or evil, as the case might be. This principle, however, in the past has been applied mainly to the business of war and conquest. And the most powerful associations of earth have been formed in the tented field, where

"Banner, spear and plume,
Leads but to conquest and the tomb."

Great armies have flocked around the standard of war, and so complete and perfect were their organization that every nerve of the gigantic body was moved by a single impulse of one mind, ready to do, dare, or die at the command.

And thus moved by the single impulse, the long mail-clad host have gone forth to battle. United were their efforts, ardent their zeal, and mighty their power. But, as we have said, in most cases these combinations have been devoted to evil ends. The toil, the treasure, and life thus wasted, and often worse than wasted, if they had been properly applied, would have bridged every river, drained every swamp, cleared every forest, and rendered every spot of the earth as fertile as Eden. The monster ignorance would have been dethroned and driven out of our land, and the glorious light of knowledge could have been diffused into the mind of every child beneath the sun. All, all could have been educated, but as it is, little or no good has been accomplished, only to demonstrate the fact that human salvation can be wrought out by a combined and united effort on the part of those interested in these grand and glorious enterprises. How, then, are we to dethrone the monster, ignorance, and grasp from him his iron scepter, which he has wielded so long and so successfully over the human family?

I answer, only by a united effort; however much we may differ upon other subjects, let us be firmly united in advancing the standard of education, until it shall shed its halo of light so high and so wide that all may be brought beneath its grand influence, when its grandeur shall dispel every frown and wipe out every sorrow, and earth shall be exchanged for the beauties and sublime grandeur of heaven. Patriotism enjoins it upon us to educate our children. They should not be allowed to grow up in ignorance. Knowledge is said to be contagious; if not contagious it is an epidemic—certain it is that is communicated from one to another.

Education, like the divine attribute of mercy,

"Droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven;
Upon the place beneath;
It is twice blessed,
It blesteth him that giveth, and him that receiveth."

Then, let us educate our children, that our future hopes of prosperity may be built upon their future virtues, and, like the wise man, we shall have built on a firm foundation, which shall last as long as the Rock of Eternal Ages. This subject also addresses itself to the philanthropist. Ignorance is the parent of vice, and vice of human misery and wretchedness. How fixed are the prejudices of the man without education? How incapable of acting and deciding for himself? How narrow and contracted his views? How dependent on others for his ideas? How easy to imbibe error for truth? How are his views of right and wrong effected by the ingenuity of designing men?

Parents, this call is first upon you. It is no boom humbly craved at your hands. It is demanded as a right, a right founded on justice, that you should educate your offspring. Many parents toil late and early that they may leave an estate to their children; how much better to leave them with a classical education? It is an investment of which the storms of adversity can not deprive them. But, the more it is used the brighter it will glow. The Christian code tells us to bring and train up children in the way they should go, and they will not depart therefrom. This injunction is of high authority, as high as heaven itself, and should be most stimulating to parents and others who are engaged in training the youthful mind. True, children may for a time wander from the teachings of early youth, but they will return.

The impressions made upon the youthful mind, whether for good or evil, are never erased from the tablets of their memory. Though the youthful bark for a time may be tempest-tossed, yet, anon, thoughts of home, the associations of early life, the alluring fireside, the school-room, the precepts of kind teachers, the admonitions of an affectionate mother, will thwart his pathway, and, like the wandering prodigal, he will return to the paths of duty and virtue.

Then we should not let these flowers perish for want of mental and spiritual culture. Their destiny is to bud and bloom in time and eternity, or to wither and be blasted by the chilling frosts of ignorance. Christians should be deeply interested in the subject. Education is the handmaid of Christianity. When the light of Christianity was in the wane, and when darkness, superstition and idolatry prevailed the world, when scarcely a ray of light, or beam of hope or thought cheered the Christian on his march to the upper and better world, education was at a low state. By the light and influence which education has shed over the world, Moloch has lost his power, and the altars of superstition have crumbled and decayed, or if standing, are only so many monuments of the ages of ignorance. At the approach of education the Nile gave up its victims of human sacrifice, and the car of Jugernaut spared its ill fated victims. The mother no longer sacrificed her infant to appease the wrath of an imaginary God, but was taught to look to Him "from whom all blessings flow."

But how can I impress upon the minds of parents the importance of educating their children? The imagination may take its grand and lofty flight, and soar far and high on its golden pinions, and fall drooping and powerless to the earth, having failed, in its extended search, to find language to adequately portray the interest we should feel upon this subject. Not infrequently, we hear parents say, "We may as well keep our children at home, such a teacher can't learn them." For the benefit of all such, we say they are correct. I maintain there is no such thing as learning children. In vain may the State provide means for their education. In vain may parents send their children to school, and in vain may teachers labor, for they can only instruct. The State can only provide means, parents can only send to school, teachers can only instruct. Industry and meditation on the part of pupils are the only roads that will lead them to success. Industry is the only key that will unlock to them the storehouse of knowledge, and enable them to drink deep and long from the crystal fountain of usefulness, and thus explore the golden field of science, which will open up new duties, tinged with a grandeur only to be found by the industrious student. These grand and sublime pleasures will be the reward of the industrious. While the ignorant must see written on the portals of his future, the death, that destiny he must die:

"Unwept and unhonored."

while around the brow of intellectual and moral worth, public opinion will wreath her immortal honors. And the golden pages of history, mouldering beneath the ponderous weight of ages, will consecrate and perpetuate to all future generations the fame of moral and intellectual worth. The embers of the ruins of former republics, consumed by ignorance, superstitions, and the arts and aims of despotism, are still glowing in the old world. Ignorance has crushed grand and mighty republics. But the time has come when all the potentates of earth, with their nobles, their menials and tools, see in the promulgation of sound education, and the rights of men, their utter ruin.

The old world may boast of her splendid cities, her stately palaces, and her magnificent temples, her pyramids, her gigantic monuments. Her herculean acts all remain alike to show the sad effects of despotism, that through ignorance the few may gradually possess supreme power, and make the many the mere tool of the few.

The monuments of the old world are the works of despots and tyrants. But in the United States is reared a grander, a mightier, and nobler monument than has ever before claimed the admiration of man. It is the monument of popular education and religious and political liberty. These have brought from obscurity Washington, Franklin, and a thousand others whose deeds spread a splendor over their own country, and whose names stand enrolled high upon the pinnacle of fame, not only in this, but their names are emblazoned on the golden pages of the history of the old world as well as in the hearts of the American people.

One more thought, then we shall have done. We are glad to see the opposition to female education giving way like the mist before the rising sun. Ladies wield a lever whose prop is youth, whose length is all time, whose weight is the world, and whose extent is eternity. Let woman be soundly educated, let no act, however skillful, no science, however intricate, no knowledge, however profound, be withheld from her grasp; let woman be properly educated, let her explore all the fields of science, with all their sublime grandeur. And when they, as the natural trainers of the young, come to the rescue, all will be safe; the portentous cloud of ignorance and delusion that now overshadows our religious and political liberties will disappear.

Here education is placed within the reach of all, where man may learn his duty to himself, his fellow man and his Creator.

Thus led by the hands of kindness, in our common schools, all taught the purest morals of a common school education will become the fit recipients and the defenders of our religious and political institutions.

Through the influences and appliances of education must gleam the hope of earth, which will drive ignorance before it, as the rising sun scatters the mist of a dark, damp morning; and whose effulgent rays shall triumph over the allied powers of darkness.

ness, and its grand rays of golden light into the mind and souls of all men, till its splendor shall exceed the grandeur of the sun, as he passes through the concave of heaven upon his golden car. Such must and will be the grand and mighty influence of a general diffusion of knowledge.

VETERAN PRINTERS.

William Lloyd Garrison, whose name was once so constantly before the public, and who had been little heard of since the war of the rebellion finished the great work of emancipation, to which he devoted his life, and for which he suffered every persecution, save death, was complimented recently by the New England Franklin Club, the day being the sixtieth anniversary of Mr. Garrison's connection with the printing business. This was a fitting compliment, paid in the city where Mr. Garrison lived in danger of his life, with a great price upon his head; where he was mobbed, shut out from society, doomed to poverty, and lived in perpetual martyrdom. But in all his persecutions he kept the fire of freedom alight upon his altar, the Liberator, and at length saw the policy of the Government adopt his platform. The great and crushing victories of the secession war were fought and won after the appearance of the Proclamation of Emancipation as that fact, and not as a possibility—and that proclamation is of the very essence of what was known as Garrisonianism.

Mr. Garrison is but one of the many eminent men who have been practical printers. The printing office is a model school. The boy who spends his early years in setting type must obtain a good share of knowledge, especially in current history. It was at the "case" where Franklin and Greeley and Weed and Garrison imbibed knowledge and meditated great things for their future. But in their own business they never could keep up with the rapid improvements that have revolutionized printing. Garrison at best could "work off" no more than a token an hour, (two hundred and forty sheets printed on one side only) on the rude lamina press of his day. Now we are printing twenty thousand sheets on both sides in an hour—that is to say, we can perfect as many newspapers in sixty minutes as Garrison, the apprentice, could in seventeen days of ten working hours per day.

But even this astonishing progress is outdone by the changes in the transmission of intelligence. When Garrison was a young printer, the swiftest common transmission of news was by stage coach, perhaps ten miles an hour when in a hurry. To-day we know nothing about hours, and scarcely think of minutes. Allowing for difference in longitude, news from London is here five minutes before it starts, for the lightning overtakes the sun as easily as the lightning express would overtake the old stage coach. His sixty years, however, do not make him the veteran. We have in New York a veteran of printers. Thurlow Weed, whose fame needs no trumpet, went to the "case" in Catskill, when he was twelve years old. He was born in 1797. He can celebrate the 69th anniversary of his apprenticeship, and why should not our Typographical Society recognize the hint given by their brothers in Boston? The reminiscences of Mr. Garrison, supplemented by the older and more comprehensive recollections that Mr. Weed might present, would be more interesting and honorable to "the art preservative of all arts."—*New York Mail.*

Lost Sight Restored by Prayer.

Miss Minnie Lombard, nineteen years old, residing on Jefferson street, in Wilmington, Del., who has been blind for two years, has recently recovered her sight in a most remarkable manner. She was afflicted with typhoid fever, and on her recovery she gradually lost her sight and became totally blind. She was given the best medical treatment, but without avail. She is a member of St. Paul's M. E. Church, and the church has made her case a special subject of prayer. On Tuesday last, previous to retiring, Miss Lombard had been reading of Christ's restoring sight to the blind and the promise, "Whosoever ye shall call in my name, believing, ye shall receive," and with a full reliance in His power and wisdom she prayed earnestly that if it be His will her own eyes might be re-opened. She awoke with a headache. Her mother bathed her head and she fell asleep again. When she awoke her sight was perfectly restored. She is a consistent Christian, and naturally attributes her sudden recovery to a special interposition of Providence.

According to the Cincinnati Enquirer a lady was sleeping in a berth on a western railroad with one hand hanging peacefully out over a loop in the curtains. A Cincinnati drummer thought he would have some fun, and seized the hand and shook it cordially, remarking as he did so: "Good-by, old boy, good-by; can't be with you always, you know; give my love to the folks and don't fail to call and see us when you come to town." Here the facetious drummer was knocked clear across the bar by a stalwart blow from the disengaged hand of the occupant of the berth. After picking himself up, and pulling his nose around to its proper place, he offered to bet a week's salary that the fellow in the berth was a prize fighter. This excited some curiosity on that point and the berth was closely watched. Susan B. Anthony turned out of it in the morning.

—Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kindness.

